

THE SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS ARE ON PAGES 14, 15 and 16.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 30.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1903.

One Penny.

Only a Fortnight More.

Never Again

AT ONE PENNY LESS THAN

Double the Present Price.

It is possible that you, a reader of the *Daily Mirror*, have up till now misjudged the character of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," simply because you have had no means, direct or indirect, of satisfying yourself that it is a book which is not only of interest to persons of either sex, but which in some ways makes special appeal to women.

No more conclusive proof of the way in which women can appreciate the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is to be found than in the number of women who have taken high places on the list of successful competitors in the recent "Times" Competition, based on the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Women have gained the third and fourth places, they have gained four places out of the first nine, and out of the total number of ninety-three prizes they have carried off twenty. These competitors have, during the work entailed by answering the questions, been through the "Encyclopædia Britannica" from end to end, and they have had occasion to examine hundreds among the

But any action you take must be taken at once, for the sale of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" at half price and for instalment payments is only for a fortnight more. To-day a single payment of 21s. secures immediate delivery of the thirty-five volumes. This day fortnight the full catalogue price, which is more than double the present price, will be restored, and anyone who wishes to have the book after the 19th of this month, whether man or woman, will be able to obtain it only on the payment of a lump sum of £57, for the cheapest binding.

The following letters, a few only from among many hundreds, have all been written by ladies whose appreciation of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is based upon a most intimate acquaintance with the 35 volumes. Read the letters carefully and you will find them expressive of every phase of delighted satisfaction.

*San Remo, Craneswater Park, Southsea,
September 27, 1903.*

It has indeed a fatal fascination for me. I can never resist the temptation of the "curiously varied" reading it offers, and fancy there must be many who like myself are absolutely afraid to open it, lest going astray at the very outset we should find ourselves absorbed in an account of the Catacombs when we only meant to look up the phenomena of catalepsy. Or else, holding resolutely to one particular line of research, we should be lured on insensibly from one passage to another like the Monk Felix, or the Prince in the Arabian story, and lose all sense of the lapse of time.

I found the interest of the day's news wonderfully enhanced when every obscure point found a ready explanation, and as a competitor I was amazed to find that though many of the questions dealt with subjects of which I knew nothing or less than nothing (since vague half knowledge is more misleading than absolute ignorance), the articles in the "Encyclopædia" contained so clear expositions of first principles

with its contents. The great charm of the work lies in the fact that while the most abstruse subjects are dealt with they are presented in such a simple and attractive form that any person of average intelligence can enjoy them thoroughly.

Furthermore, the number of subjects from prehistoric times down to those of the present day is marvellous. From the manufacture of a pin to a flying machine, from the spots on a toad's back to the vagaries of the sea serpent, and from the fiscal policy of Joseph in Egypt down to that of Joseph Chamberlain in Great Britain, nothing is too small, nothing is too great for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to take cognizance of.

That all this interesting information should be presented in one publication, and that it should be within the reach of persons of moderate means, owing to the half-price offer of the monthly system of payment, is one of the triumphs of the age.

(Signed) BERTHA FLETCHER.

PALACE OF DELIGHT.

YESTERDAY'S ROYAL BAZAAR AT HENGLER'S SKATING RINK.

A BLAZE of light from the domed roof—below the glittering white ice covered with moving figures—and everywhere a glow of warmth and colour. Hengler's Skating Rink was a veritable palace of delight yesterday for the first day of the winter sale of the Working Ladies' Guild.

Lovely needlework, tapestries, daintily bound books, inlaid furniture, and a hundred and one other attractions laid out in the upper gallery made buying an irresistible temptation.

Princess Henry of Battenberg opened the sale, and afterwards made a tour of the stalls, where she purchased many articles. The Princess then went to her stall and sold busily all the rest of the afternoon.

Princess Ena of Battenberg, who came with her mother, took the greatest interest in the skating, seizing every available opportunity, when business at the royal stall was slack, to attentively study the figures being executed on the ice below.

The strains of the National Anthem suddenly arrested everyone's attention, and a little crowd collected to see the Princess go in to tea in the private room, which is reserved

for special occasions, made lovely yesterday with bowls of lilies standing about. Edith Lady Lytton, Miss Thynne, and Miss Ross, as well as Miss Bulteel and Colonel Colborne, who were in attendance, were included in the royal tea-party.

Shortly afterwards the gallery began to get emptier, making it easier to see who was there. Lady Knightley of Fawsley, dressed in black with a string of pearls round her throat, and Lady Rachel Howard were there, and among many others present were: Lady Alice Leslie, in black and white; Lady Hester Carew, Mrs. Baldwin Childe, Miss Bigge, Mrs. Bateman, and Mrs. James Henderson, who wore as a pendant a huge cabochon emerald suspended from a fine gold chain.

The Guild was established several years ago as a depot for disposing of the work of ladies, and the many charming things on sale yesterday afternoon were made almost entirely at the premises in the Brompton-road.

Book-binding has just been added to the work of the Guild, and the excellence of the work turned out in the short time it has been started is ample proof of its ultimate success.

The Duchess of Albany opens the sale this afternoon, and it will also be open on Monday and Tuesday next.

DISCIPLINE FOR LOAFERS.

SIR W. B. RICHMOND AND OUR 34 PER CENT. OF PAUPERS.

SIR W. B. RICHMOND, the well-known artist, in a letter to the "Times" yesterday, makes some strong comments on the loafers of to-day, and propounds a drastic remedy.

"A few years ago," he writes, "the late Professor Mommensen was in London; he asked me to take him about this strange, ill-organised city. It was in Wells-street, Oxford-street, with that brilliant flash of a black diamond eye, he swiftly turned to me and asked this question, 'Why do your people stand about the streets with their hands in their pockets? This idleness is a sign! How will you remedy it?' My answer was, 'Some form of conscription.' In his laconic way, he answered, 'Yes, and I give you my reasons; your public schools teach discipline, but where is the discipline for your loafers?' There is only one for them," he said, "make them items of the State by responsibility. We train children to be obedient to the house; we must train them to be obedient to the State."

Thirty-four per Cent. Paupers.

"Is it not inertness," Sir William continues, "which makes 34 per cent. paupers? A railway pointsman, a friend of mine, told me this a few days ago:—'I watch the Board school lads, and I can count them by scores from my box; who after leaving the Board school subsist on idleness.' 'How do they live?' said I. His answer was, 'On the winners.' My question is—Are we, a great nation, going to stand by and encourage a lifeless existence in our own country to be the laughing-stock of our more industrious neighbours; and if this is the case, where is the palliative? Once get into the mind of English folk—and it was there safe enough, not so long ago—that each able-bodied man is an item for the protection of his country, and you have not made a soldier of him, but a man."

"For the nation first, self after"—this is surely the aim of the Army League. Every man a soldier made Greece, every man a soldier made England, and every man a soldier will rid our streets of loafers, hangers-on to public-houses, of living by betting, of im-

tence, and feeble inanition, by giving him the highest citizenship.

"We are not a people finished, or debased beyond control, but we are a people split up, disorganised. Why? Because the Government follows and does not lead; poor outlook indeed for the future. Shall we let the idle govern us; the inactive become active, and foreign trade overtake us, while we permit 20 per cent. of our people to stand in the streets or whistle outside public-house doors? But that has come already, and will come growingly more and more in fact and intensity, until real liberty holds a banner on which are engraved the words 'Obedience to the state.'"

VAMPIRE SUPERSTITIONS.

GHASTLY DEEDS OF SUPERSTITION IN HUNGARY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Vienna, Friday.

A dreadful case of superstition has just been brought to light in Hungary, where the peasants of the Lower Danube provinces still believe in vampires. It is commonly believed that certain persons after their death have the power to leave their graves at night and suck the blood of living persons.

To prevent this the peasants perform horrible ceremonies on the corpse before burying it. Recently a woman died who was reputed to be a witch. Some peasants entered the dead woman's cottage, and after making a spit red hot they plunged it through her heart; the mouth they filled with a broken horse-shoe and other scraps of iron. The corpse was then placed in the coffin face downwards.

It was only after the burial that the police learnt of this ghastly ceremony, and are taking steps to punish the guilty. It also transpires that the cemeteries are often violated, suspicious corpses being exhumed by the ignorant peasantry and similar atrocities committed.

HUNGARY'S WOMAN DOCTOR.

Dr. Ida Szentesz has been appointed assistant doctor to the Buda Pest Hospital. She is, wires our Vienna correspondent, the first lady doctor in Hungary who is working at a public institution.



Sketched at the Bazaar opened at Hengler's Skating Rink yesterday by Princess Henry of Battenberg.



Tea Gowns & Sacques.

By MRS. JACK MAY.



A MOST PRAISEWORTHY POSSESSION.

ELEGANCE AND COMFORT FOR FIRESIDE HOURS.

THE crowning luxury of a modistically luxurious age is the teagown. And, since it is here, a beautiful, incontrovertible, and wholly irresistible fact, in the name of all that is reasonable, let it be discussed and above all, let it be worn in due season; which, by the way, is the immediate moment. Now or never is the hour to exploit the elegant delights of crêpe de Chine—sulphur, let it be mentioned in parenthesis, is the last approved colour note in this fabric for teagowns, and evening frocks—mousseline velvet, and souple cloth.

Reflecting, from out a plethora of choice, on the most distinguished models of the season, I find a distinctive feature reposing in a long, floating, adjustable coat. A model of exquisite "genre" was in chiné Louise, with capuchin of lace, and great sleeves resolving into ruffles that swept far below the knees. This was designed to slip on over an under-dress of lace, but the latter was, after all, merely a momentary incident in the scheme, and any other gown of sufficiently ephemeral character would have equally served the end.

A Thing of Beauty.

It is somewhat strange, when one comes to consider, that these loose-fitting coats should still stand so prominently in the van of fashion, for, frankly speaking, they are not extravagantly novel. We have had them with us now for at least two seasons, and yet have

but there is something seductive in the suggestion, nevertheless, and let it be duly welcomed, since it makes for the always desirable change and diversity.

A Reception Model.

Seasonably persuasive is the teagown of mousseline velour, a regal confection whereof in a rich shade of flame recalls itself with much conviction, arranged after the manner reminiscent of a toga, the edges hemmed everywhere with a finger-depth of dark brown fur. As the wearer moved there was revealed an under-dress composed of chiffon flounces, while the semi-décolleté was finished by quite a narrow turn-over collar of Venetian point.

This, however, is quite of the reception

more than worthy of its hire, on account of its amiably adjusting qualities.

However, a truce to teagowns ere the psychological moment slips away wherein to plead the persuasion of neutral-toned taffetas for visiting toilettes. Running up the gamut of delicate gradations, from écru to any of the paler mole or fawn tints, there is afforded food for deep reflection as to the large and distinctive qualities of this decree. A quite particular "cachet" also is expressed by a perfectly thought out royal blue taffeta costume, enhanced by bands and pastilles of velvet, a similar alliance holding good with a model carried throughout in black. In fact, taffetas merely await our bidding to become essential in all correctly ordered wardrobes.

DRESS FOR BUSINESS WOMEN.

HOW TO LOOK WELL CHEAPLY.

THE large majority of educated women who are working for their living earn something over or under a hundred a year. Out of this they cannot, or perhaps it would be safer to say they should not, spend more than £20 a year on their clothes. Yet their occupation, whatever it may be, requires them to be always well dressed, indeed, in many cases their advancement depends on a fashionable appearance. Incredible as it may seem to the more lavishly endowed it is really possible to present a uniform appearance of prosperity on that modest outlay, especially as, to the greater number of working women, evening dress is not "de rigueur" in their labouring hours. Such women are wise who concentrate their energy in things sartorial to business only, rather than to snatch at the fleeting satisfaction to be gained by "looking rich" in the circle of their intimates.

Appearances Deceitful.

If economy must be practised, let it display itself at the evening party, where only friends are to be encountered. The desire to dazzle these must be quashed until a larger income is acquired; and, as an incentive to self-denial, it may be truthfully urged that one of the surest ways to enlarge that income is to give one's employer the impression of being successful. Employers,

very much like the rest of the world, do not want other people's leavings, and the girl or woman who is shabby and unkempt is likely to engender the thought that she has failed elsewhere.

Suitability is the first essential at which the business woman should aim, and in this is of course included neatness, the most absolute. No trailing frumpiness, no artistic effects (unless the result of a happy blending of colour), no dingle-dangles must be allowed. Quite recently a nice looking girl paid several visits in a business centre in search of work. She was, it is asserted, fairly well qualified. But she wore a silver chatelaine weighed down with useless necessities that no one ever has any need of, and besides this horror she had a bangle with bells. Her advent turned every one within earshot very nearly crazy, and there was not an employer in the place who would have engaged her had she given her services for nothing.

Exactly how much should be spent on the different items, linen, leather, hats, is a matter which each woman must settle for herself. One person may squander what will seem to some an inordinate amount on footwear, another who is perhaps "light" on boots may rack out the prettiest blouse in a week or two.



This Charming Teagown is made of a delicate shade of orchid mauve crêpe de Chine, trimmed with dark brown fur and fine guipure lace. The under-dress is of a harmonising tint of pink mousseline.

they not lost one iota of their attractive influence, saving only in coarse lace; and almost is one tempted to deplore, and even to evade, the demodé note these latter are declared by the elect to have attained.

And, apart from the purely decorative standpoint, there is positively a measure of economical reason lurking in these pretty coats, which half reveal and half conceal the form, in that, slipped on over an evening dress, they immediately serve to transform the latter into a demi-toilette, a subterfuge calculated to be of eminent service to the woman whose aspirations are at all at variance with the size of her purse. For the merry impromptu dinner in a country house prior to setting forth for some county or hunt ball, the transparent sacque teagown can be slipped on with admirable effect over an incomplete ball toilette. In this regard, too, there is to be revealed another possibility for the young girl in the form of a dainty decorative little silk sacque jacket, bedecked with lace or other filmy frivolities, arranged "en suite" with the evening silk lupon that La Mode is still pleased to ordain.

Perhaps this negligée is more in place at a gathering "intime," rather than anything approaching a large and correct house party,

order of affairs, and it doubtless best behoves the majority to consider the less extravagant joys of velveteen and in some less "voyant" shade than flame. The art tones of green and Japanese blue are particularly good and attractive; and an infinitely simple, pleasing, and—if the word be justified in the connection—practical little gown is built "en princesse," the fronts draped across, after the style of a Russian cloak, a fancy art nouveau clasp catching the folds together on the left hip; while the requisite note of feminine softness is introduced through the medium of a fichu draped "à la Romney," and long floating sleeves, ruffles of mousseline, and lace.

The Success of Simplicity.

Teagowns may be definitely divided into two distinct classes, the busy and the simple, and there is no question but that the latter are responsible for the best picturesque successes.

Un-dreamt-of wonders lurk in the folds of a long crêpe de Chine scarf, a seemingly extravagant outlay, perchance, in the first instance, but eventually proving itself



A Smart Visiting Costume of delicate champignon-coloured taffetas, relieved by bands and pastilles of brown velvet, and completed by Henri II. undersleeves



Double Harness

By Anthony Hope

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND: A man unhappily married.
GRANTLEY IMASON: A young man in love.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD: Grantley Imason's fiancée.
JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother; a hater of matrimony.
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

CHAPTER IV. (continued).

"WELL, with business what it is," said Fanshaw in his loud voice—a voice that had a way of stopping other people's voices—"we must cut it down somewhere."

"Oh, you're as rich as Croesus, Fanshaw!" objected young Blake.

"I'm losing money every day! Christine and I were discussing it as we drove here."

"I like your idea of discussion, John," remarked Christine in her delicate tones, generally touched with sarcasm. "I couldn't open my lips."

"He closed you, and then threw out your Budget?" asked Grantley.

"He almost stripped my gown from my back, and made an absolute clutch at my diamonds."

"I put forward the reasonable view," Fanshaw insisted rather heatedly. "What I said was, 'Begin with superfluities—'"

"Are clothes superfluities?" interjected Christine, watching the gradual flushing of her husband's face with mischievous pleasure.

"Nothing is superfluous that is beautiful," said Salford; he lisped slightly, and spoke with an affected air. "We should retrench in the grosser pleasures—eating and drinking, display, large houses—"

"Peculiar dogs!" suggested Blake, chaffing Mrs. Salford.

"Oh, but they are beautiful!" she cried.

"Horses!" said Christine, with sharp-pointed emphasis. "You should really be guided by Mr. Salford, John."

"Every husband should be guided by

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another husband. That's axiomatic," said Grantley.

"I'm quite content with my own," smiled Mrs. Salford. "Dick and I always agree."

"They must be fresh from a row," Tom Courtland whispered surlily to Mrs. Raymore.

"About money matters the man's voice must in the nature of things be final," Fanshaw insisted. "It's obvious. He knows about it; he makes it—"

"Quite enough for him to do," Christine interrupted. "At that point we step in—and spend it."

"Division of labour? Quite right, Mrs. Fanshaw," laughed Blake. "And if any of you can't manage your department, I'm ready to help."

"They can manage that department right enough," Fanshaw grumbled. "If we could manage them as well as they manage that—"

He took a great gulp of champagne, and grew still redder when he heard Christine's scornful little chuckle.

Raymore turned to Sibylla with a kind, fatherly smile.

"I hope we're not frightening you, Mrs. Imason? Not too much of the seamy side?"

Blake chimed in on her other hand:

"I'm here to maintain Mrs. Imason's illusions."

"If we're talking of departments, I think that's mine, Blake, thank you," called Grantley, good-humouredly.

"I'm sure I've been most considerate." This was Lady Harriet's first contribution to the talk. "I haven't said a word!"

"And you could a tale unfold?" asked Blake.

She made no answer beyond shrugging her fine shoulders and leaning back in her chair as she glanced across at her husband. A moment's silence fell on the table. It seemed that they recognised a difference between troubles and grievances which could be discussed with more or less good-nature, or quarrelled over with more or less acerbity, and those which were in another category.

The moment the Courtlands were in question, a constraint arose. Tom Courtland himself broke the silence, but it was to talk about an important cricket match. Lady Harriet smiled at him composedly, unconscious of the earnest study of Sibylla's eyes, which were fixed on

her and were asking (as Mrs. Raymore would have said) many questions.

When the ladies had gone, Fanshaw button-holed Raymore and exhibited to him his financial position and its exigencies with ruthless elaboration and with a persistently implied accusation of Christine's extravagance. Salford victimised young Blake with the story of a picture which he had just picked up; he declared it was by a famous Dutch master, and watched for the effect on Blake, who showed none, never having heard of the Dutch master. Tom Courtland edged up to Grantley's side; they had not met since Grantley's wedding.

"Well, you look very blooming and happy, and all that," he said.

"First-rate, old boy. How are you?"

Tom lowered his voice and spoke with a cautious air.

"I've done it, Grantley—what I wrote to you. By God, I couldn't stand it any longer! I'd sooner take any risk. Oh, I shall be very careful! I shan't give myself away. But I had to do it."

Grantley gave a shrug.

"Oh, well, I'm sorry," he said. "That sort of thing may turn out so awkward."

It'd have to be infernally awkward to be worse than what I've gone through. At any rate, I get away from it sometimes now, and—enjoy myself."

"Find getting away easy?"

"No; but as we must have shindies, we may as well have them about that. I told Harriet she made the house intolerable, so I should spend my evenings at my clubs."

"Oh! And—what is she?"

He looked round warily before he whispered:

"Flora Bolton."

Grantley raised his brows and said one word:

"Expensive!"

Tom nodded with a mixture of ruefulness and pride.

"If you're going to the devil, you may as well go quickly and pleasantly," he said, drumming his fingers on the cloth. "By Heaven, if I'd thought of this when I married! I meant to go straight—you know I did?"

Grantley nodded.

To be continued.

sion, when I was at a picnic-tea, an old woman was applied to for a small quantity of milk to complete the supply taken. She replied that she would gladly give what she could spare, but that she dare not accept payment, either in money or kind, since she only kept a cow for her own use, and did not hold a State licence.

This may seem like carrying matters too far, but the precautions taken by the Australian Government are undoubtedly on the right side.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Hastings.

PORTABLE GREENHOUSES.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Apologies of your article on the cactus craze, there is one form of it the writer has not alluded to.

This is the dwarf cactus, which many people are rearing in tiny miniature greenhouses. These houses were first invented by Mr. Good-year, the well-known Fellow of the Horticultural Society, and now different sizes of these houses, all containing real growing cacti, are to be had.

Some of the greenhouses are made small enough to carry in a handbag, and many well-known women in Society take them about on their travels, at the same time leaving at home a larger house with bigger and more advanced plants which do not need so much care and attention.

I have had one of the smallest variety for some time. It is an endless source of amusement and pleasure, and so far only one death has been the result.

Sloane-square.

A SCEPTIC.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I have been much interested in the articles dealing with the social condition of our English children, but at the same time may I ask Mr. Sherard to give his readers some idea of the whereabouts of the streets (or alleys) in London in which he has found children whose heads, when uncovered, have emitted steam due to the fermentation of sores and vermin?

E. LEA-SMITH.

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WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

WOMEN AT THE BAR.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Why should this country be less liberal than France and America? In each of those, and in other countries for that matter, ladies have succeeded at the Bar.

It is notorious to all those who are not blinded by prejudice that women have as acute reasoning powers as men, and often keener minds, and far deeper insight into character.

Why then should they be prevented from earning their living in the way best suited to their abilities?

Ladies excel in science and medicine, why not in law?

Will the prejudice of old-fashioned people never yield to common sense?

D. Z. BEAUMONT.

4, Pavilion-parade, Brighton.

EARRINGS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Perhaps Wm. H. Scott is not aware that earrings are in the fashion, when he professes an admiration for them.

It has always been the custom of stock-growers to put the stamp of ownership on the ears of their animals. Certain it is that Satan, very early in the history of the world, managed to put his mark on the ears of women. Satan still holds women by the ears; and the more degraded a tribe or nation, the heavier the badges of his power in the ears of their women.

This relic of barbarism has descended to us for many women bear the marks of the beast, and display the badge of ownership; while their ears, the perfect creation of the Divine hand, are pierced and mangled, and dragged out of shape, and their beauty wrecked.

As women of heathen lands blacken their teeth, paint their eyelids, and tattoo their faces, imagining they look beautiful; so our

women think they are adding to their charms, when in reality they are only making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of men and angels.

NEMO.

"CAN WE AFFORD TO FOLLOW MR. CHAMBERLAIN."

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

"Liberal Candidate" says the British workman is not being swamped by foreign goods. Let him go into any shop at present stocked with Christmas presents and count up the number of articles stamped with "made in Hungary, Germany, France," etc., and then compare the number with home-made goods. If this doesn't convince him that we are being swamped, certainly nothing will.

F.R.G.S.

"PURE MILK."

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Under our lax laws any person who chooses may set up a dairy anywhere. True, the local inspector comes round occasionally to analyse the milk, but his object is to prevent willful adulteration for trade purposes. The scientific detection of disease germs does not lie within his capacity.

What is required in this country is a law similar to that prevailing in several of the Australian States, by which every dairyman or vendor of milk is bound to take out a licence from the Government, which appoints scientific experts to travel over the country, examining into the condition of the dairies, the utensils employed, and the health of the cattle.

The inspector may condemn as diseased cattle belonging to private persons, should he see cause to do so, and order them to be destroyed or isolated, while, on the other hand, his advice may be claimed by persons in doubt.

So strict are the laws regulating the sale of milk in New South-Wales that on one occa-

The Finger Marks of Time.

How to Combat Wrinkles and Lines.



THE general treatment for wrinkles that have been caused by illness, care, and anxiety is perfect cleanliness, nutritious food, out-of-door exercise, congenial occupation of mind, and the cultivation of an agreeable temper and an equable spirit. The two latter traits are warranted to be the finest preventative of wrinkles that was ever discovered. Therefore, let every woman cultivate a serene temper, and keep a guard over her emotions. She will soon find that her wrinkles will disappear without the aid of any cosmetic or lotion.

Tricks that Cause Ugly Lines.

One of the most prolific sources of wrinkles is the restlessness of the modern woman. Watch her in conversation. At every sentence her eyebrows rise and fall: her eyelids flutter and close; her lips twitch and curl, while her hands are continually fidgeting with her trinkets or her hair. This lack of self-restraint is the cause of the wrinkles that may be seen in the foreheads and faces of young girls. At forty they are old and faded, and the finger-marks of time are deeply imprinted on their complexions. Every woman should learn that emotion is better expressed by the depth and expression of the eyes rather than by the constant twitching of the face.

Massage plays an important part in the removal of wrinkles. A well-known actress says she will guarantee to efface the wrinkles from any woman's face in two months' time, if she will but follow her directions. These are to steam the face once a fortnight through a paper cone attached to the spout of a kettle filled with boiling water, to which has been added a pinch of bicarbonate of soda, and to dash cold water well into the pores, to rub the skin with a soft towel, and proceed to massage under the eyes with Pure lanolin. The massage movements should be learned from a face expert, as the right treatment of these is all-important, and

should be practised every night when the steaming is omitted. The face is then to be washed again with warm water and to be finally sponged with an astringent lotion composed of 200 grammes of rose water, fifty grammes of thick milk of almonds, and four grammes of sulphate of alumina. This tonic mixture is admirable for restoring firmness to the skin and keeping the dreaded wrinkles at bay.

Tonic Lotions for the Face.

To dispel wrinkles that have come through illness and are produced by flabbiness of the skin, it is a good thing to wash the face every night with a pure olive oil soap and cold water, and when the skin is thoroughly dried, to apply a lotion composed of one pint of white wine, four grammes of powdered alum and fifty grammes of rose water. Those who have an objection to using any form of oil on the face should prepare a washing powder of half an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, one and a half ounces of the finest castile soap and three ounces of oatmeal mixed together. A few drops of eau de Cologne may be added to the powder, and will be found very refreshing.

As a rule, it is the woman with the thin face who wrinkles early in life. A diet of bananas and milk and a teaspoonful of pure salad oil daily is strongly recommended for those who wish to fill out the hollows of their cheeks and thus avoid tell-tale lines. Sandwiches of Devonshire cream and a cup of chocolate or cocoa for lunch will also help to ward off wrinkles, while maize cooked in milk is the diet that is used by the Eastern women to acquire plumpness and roundness of face. Eight hours sleep every night is absolutely essential for the woman who wishes to keep her complexion unlined, nor must she omit the closing of her eyes for at least ten minutes during the day, a precaution that will be good for her eyesight as well as her general appearance.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 104.—EGGS—AU PARMESAN.

INGREDIENTS:—Six hard-boiled eggs, one shallot, one ounce of butter, half an ounce of flour, one and a half gills of milk, three tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese, pepper and salt, two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of cream.

Well butter a pretty fireproof dish after first rubbing it over with the cut shallot. Shell the eggs and slice them rather thickly. Arrange them in the dish. Melt all but a small bit of the butter in a pan, stir into it the flour. Add the milk and stir till it boils. Mix in half the cheese and all the cream.

Season this sauce well and pour it over the eggs. Mix the rest of the cheese with the crumbs and sprinkle them over the eggs and sauce. Put small bits of the butter on the top. Bake the whole in a sharp oven till lightly browned, or brown with a salamander.

Serve it with crisp sippets of dry toast.

Cost 1s. 8d. for six portions.

No. 105.—FILLETS OF BRILL, WITH WATERCRESS SAUCE.

INGREDIENTS:—A medium-sized brill, a large bunch of watercress, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one tablespoonful of cream, pepper and salt, a dust of nutmeg, half a lemon.

Have the brill filleted and cut into eight neat pieces. Rub them over with the cut lemon and season with

salt and pepper. Lay them on a buttered tin and cover them with a buttered paper. Well wash the crests, put the leaves only into a pan with the milk, a little salt and a very tiny bit of soda. Boil these gently till the crests are tender, then pour off the milk and save it; press the crests well and chop the leaves very finely. Then mix with it one ounce of the butter and rub it through a hair sieve. Then chop and pound the stalks of the crests and rub as much of it as possible through the sieve, then add the juice and pulp to the watercress butter. Melt the rest of the butter in a pan. Stir in the flour, add the milk in which the crests were boiled and stir till it boils. Add the crests butter and cream and season the sauce with salt, pepper and nutmeg. After the fish has cooked in the oven for about twelve to fifteen minutes arrange the fillets neatly on a hot dish. Pour over them the sauce smoothly. If the colour is not a pretty green add a speck of green vegetable colouring. A line of chopped truffe on each fillet adds greatly to the appearance of the dish.

Cost 3s. 10d. for eight portions.

No. 106.—TOMATO SOUP A L'AMERICAINE.

INGREDIENTS:—One quart of good brown stock, one and a half pounds of tomatoes, two ounces of lean ham, two tablespoonfuls of crushed tapioca, one ounce of butter, one onion, two sticks of celery, salt and pepper, nutmeg and castor sugar to taste.

Cut the ham and onion into small dice; melt the butter in a sauté pan, put in the ham and onion and

DINNER TABLE DECORATION.

SILVER FRIGATES AND POTATO RINGS AS ORNAMENTS.

SIMPLICITY which expresses itself in exquisite and dainty nappery, the finest of glass and the costliest of silver, is the keynote of the best table decorative schemes of today. The finest Irish damask in pure white, with ornamentalations of drawn thread or insertions of lace, are the most popular tablecloths, and as they are so exposed, hostesses are returning to the old costly vogue of having them woven expressly for them, with their monogram or crest introduced at each end.

Table glass now is perfectly plain, with only a monogram or crest engraved upon it, and the last thing in floral decorations consists of a large low centre-piece and a few fluted-shaped specimen vases in silver, containing choice blossoms of one colour only. A little dinner table arranged in this way, with lantern-shaped, orange-coloured Cape gooseberries, looked charming in an oak-panelled room the other night.

If, however, plentiful floral decorations have been discarded, it is in order that beautiful old silver may be the better shown. Depreciated in value as a metal and debased by modern workmanship though it be, there never was a time when genuine and good-looking pieces realised such big prices, or were held in such high esteem, and good Sheffield plate is sometimes literally worth its weight in gold.

One of the handsomest of table centre ornaments is made of an old Irish potato ring. In old days these ornaments, which are actually large rings of more or less elaborate workmanship, were placed on the table and the hot potatoes shot into them. This must have been before the days of tablecloths, which would be sadly spoilt by any such process now. But a glass bowl can be fitted to them, and a Japanese wire arrangement for separating the flowers laid over it, and a charming table centre is the result.

Hosts and hostesses who are so fortunate as to possess elaborate old silver Dutch or Italian frigates frequently put these on their dinner tables; but the owners of them are necessarily few. The Prince of Wales has several which have been shown in this way at Marlborough House.

fry them lightly for five minutes. Then add the sliced tomatoes, simmer these together till the tomatoes are soft, then rub them through a fine sieve; add this pulp to the stock. Boil it gently for about ten minutes, then sprinkle the tapioca in slowly. Be it gently, stirring it now and then till the tapioca is clear, then season the soup carefully and take care it is not too thick.

Serve with croûtes of bread.

Cost 1s. 6d. for eight portions.

No. 107.—FRITOT OF PIGEONS.

INGREDIENTS:—Three pigeons, three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one tablespoonful of Tarragon vinegar, half a lemon, half a shallot, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one gill of milk, four ounces of medium oatmeal.

Half roast the pigeons, cut each one in half. Put them in a dish with the salad oil, vinegar, lemon juice, and the shallot finely chopped. Leave the birds in this marinade for some hours or even overnight. Next lift them out, see that they are thoroughly moistened with the marinade, and cover them with oatmeal. Have ready a deep pan of very hot fat. Fry them quickly till they are a delicate brown. Drain them on paper, and serve them on a lace paper garnished with fried parsley. Hand with them Espagnole sauce.

Cost 4s. 6d. for four portions.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Devilled Turkey's Legs. Boiled Ham. Fish Cakes. Scotch Eggs. Savoury Omelet. Scallops of Game.

LUNCH OR SUPPER.

*Tomato Soup à l'Americaine. Devilled Lobster. *Eggs au Parmesan. Chicken à la Romaine. Mutton Cutlets and Cheese Sauce. Claret Jelly. Mince Pies. Cheese d'Artois.

COLD DISHES.

Veal and Ham Pie. Pressed Beef. Roast Pheasant. Potato and Celery Salad.

TEA.

Muffins. N Cream Sandwiches. Doughnuts. Raspberry Buns. Orange Cake.

DINNER.

Celery Soup. Clear Mulligatawny. *Fillet of Beef with Watercress Sauce. Fried Smelts.

ENTRÉE.

*Fritot of Pigeons. Fillets of Beef with Bearnaise Sauce and Mushrooms.

ROAST.

Ducks, Apple Sauce. Leg of Mutton. Roast Venison and Rowan Jelly. Broiled Snipe and Watercress.

VEGETABLE.

Celeriac with Cream. Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hôtel. Macedoine of Fruits. Chesterfield Pudding. Savoury. Chelsea Rolls. Parmesan Biscuits.

ICE.

Lemon Water. Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

THOMAS & SONS'

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PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.

Cod. Whiting. Haddock. Lemon Soles. Soles. Plaice. Whitebait. Red Mullet. Hake. Crabs. Lobsters. Shrimps. Prawns. Crayfish.

Meat.

Dairy-fed Pork. Veal. Beef. Mutton.

Game and Poultry.

Pheasants. Hares. Partridges. Black and Golden Plovers. Leverets. Teal. Wild Duck. Snipe. Widgeon. Pintail. Fowls. Ducks. Geese. Rabbits.

Vegetables.

Mushrooms. Tomatoes. Horseradish. Spring and Red Cabbage. Aparagus. Carrots. Cauliflowers. Jerusalem and Globe Artichokes. Batavia. Chicory. Watercress. Salads.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Pineapples. Pomegranates. Pears. West Indian Limes. Mandarins. Oranges. Nuts. Grapes. Figs. Bananas. Custard Apples. Grape Fruit. Apples.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.

Scarlet Geraniums. Asparagus Fern. Chrysanthemums. Gardenias. Lilium Harrisi. Lilies of the Valley. Myrtle. Spanish Oak.

Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.

Solanums. Spiraeas. Chrysanthemums. Nephrolepis Fern. Green Aralias. Honeysuckle. Cape Gooseberry. Small Bay Trees.



THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 30.—SOLE THEODORA.

By M. E. FERRARIO, Chef of Romano's Restaurant.

Cook in a rich fume de poisson one sole for about eight or ten minutes. Strain it and place it on a dish; lay round it a border of sliced cooked potatoes and fresh truffes; sauce your sole with a crayfish sauce, sprinkle a little Parmesan cheese over, brown under a salamander, and serve.

PRIZE RECIPE AWARD.

We award the prize of £1 Is. for the best Cookery Recipe this week to:—

Mrs. M. F. COLLIE,
88, Blenheim-place,
Aberdeen.

for the very seasonable recipe from the Land of Cakes—

CHRISTMAS SCOTCH BUN.

For the crust take ½ lb. flour, ½ lb. butter, ¼ teaspoonful baking powder, a little cold water. Rub the butter into the flour till the mixture is like fine breadcrumbs, then add the baking powder, and make into a stiff paste with the water. Roll out into a thin sheet. Cut a piece the size of the tin, and with the rest line the case tin, which should be well greased. Now mix together the following ingredients:—½ lb. flour, ½ lb. sugar, 2 lb. of large raisins (stoned), 2 lb. currants (washed and dried), ½ lb. orange peel, ½ lb. almonds (blanched and chopped), 1 oz. ginger, 1 oz. cinnamon, 1 oz. white pepper, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, and as much milk as will moisten the whole. Lay the paste on top and prick with a fork. Bake 2½ hours or longer in a moderate oven. Cost 4s. 6d.

If you have any Bargains for Sale Page 16 will interest you.

Advertisements of
DOMESTIC SERVANTS REQUIRING SITUATIONS,
EMPLOYERS REQUIRING DOMESTIC SERVANTS,
ARTICLES FOR SALE AND WANTED,
APARTMENTS FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED,
HOUSES AND FLATS TO LET AND WANTED,
MISCELLANEOUS AND PRIVATE ANNOUNCEMENTS,
 are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror,"
 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., between the
 hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of
 the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/6,
 11d. each word afterwards. Advertisements can
 be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post,
 when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders
 (stamps will not be accepted) crossed BARCLAY
 & CO.

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to
 their advertisements sent free of charge to the
 "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having
 been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be
 forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage
 must be sent with the advertisement.

The Domestic Bureau which the "Daily Mirror"
 has opened at 45 and 46, New Bond Street, for
 the benefit of mistress and maid, has undertaken
 the task of verifying references; but, while every
 care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee
 can be given. Advertisers in the "Daily Mirror"
 are entitled to use the "Daily Mirror" Bureau,
 which is open from 10 to 5, without any charge.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

TRAVELLING Maid; experienced linguist;
 knows Continent; excellent reference.—
 Write L. 14, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
 street, W. 3552

YOUNG LADIES' Maid; hairdressing and dress-
 making; disengaged.—Write P. 431, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3552

USEFUL MAID—Lady wishes situation;
 fond of children; disengaged December 7.
 —Miss O. Harwood, 137, North Side, Chap-
 man Common.

USEFUL Maid to elderly lady; good needle-
 woman, dressmaker.—45, Vicarage-road,
 Leyton, Essex. 3546

Parlourmaids.

HOUSE - PARLOURMAID: daily; dis-
 engaged; good reference.—Write H. 106,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WILL any lady give a good servant a chance
 to retrieve her character as parlourmaid or
 house-parlourmaid? Good, needlewoman.—
 Write H. 109, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
 street.

Governesses.

NURSERY Governess (lady recommended);
 capable of teaching children of 10.—Write
 Payne, Broadway, Hayward's Heath. 3544

GOVERNESS: thorough English, French,
 and music; excellent reference.—Write L.
 15, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS or Secretary: age 33; speaks
 English, French, German; unimpeachable
 typing, shorthand.—Write L. 18, "Daily Mir-
 nor," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSERY Governess; lady recommended; ca-
 pable of teaching children of 10.—Write L.
 8, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Nurses.

CARE of Lady's Child wanted; country; good
 reference.—M. C. O. Burnett, Stationer,
 Burgess Hill.

MATERNITY Nurse, experienced; Queen
 Charlotte's and L.O.S.—disengaged now or
 for January or February.—Write L. 3, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3506

NURSE (temporary); age 27; five years' per-
 sonal reference; experienced with young
 children.—Write L. 2, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
 Bond-street, W. 3503

NURSE (certificated) will visit patients daily;
 moderate terms; excellent reference.—
 Write L. 7, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
 street, W.

NURSE; age 35; £30; personal reference.—
 Write L. 12, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
 Bond-street, W.

NURSE; age 18; 21 years' personal refer-
 ence; disengaged now.—Write L. 11,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE (certificated) will visit patients daily;
 moderate terms per hour; without infor-
 mation attended.—Nurse M. 19, Quinborough-
 street, N.W. 2537

NURSE - ATTENDANT; thoroughly expe-
 rienced; £30; good appearance.—Write L. 5,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3547

SITUATIONS WANTED.

NURSE-ATTENDANT: invalid or mental case;
 age 40; £20; nice appearance.—Write L. 16,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED, Situation, to take charge of a
 little girl and sewing.—Flora Hayes, Gye-
 burne, Ashby-road, Longborough. 3532

Chambermaids.

CHAMBERMAID; disengaged; age 20; good
 references; £16-18.—Write M. 5, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHAMBERMAID disengaged; age 28; good
 references; £16.—Write M. 11, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID (second); age 25; £20; dis-
 engaged; good reference.—Write H. 108,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEMAID (upper) (Bickley); £26; good
 reference; age 27.—Write H. 104, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEMAID (upper); in town; £26; nearly
 two years' personal reference.—Write H.
 108, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Kitchenmaids.

KITCHENMAID; age 22; £18; disengaged
 now.—Write K. 107, "Daily Mirror," 45,
 New Bond-street, W.

KITCHENMAID; now in Devonshire; age
 21; £20.—Write K. 106, "Daily Mirror,"
 45, New Bond-street, W.

Waitress.

WAITRESS; highly recommended; £16-18.—
 Write M. 21, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
 Bond-street, W.

Clubs, Hotels, and Boarding Houses.

HOTEL COOK disengaged; age 40; good
 references; £25, weekly.—Write M. 10,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PORTER desires situation; experienced; age
 27; £10; good reference.—Write M. 8,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PORTER - VALET; night preferred; nearly
 2 years' reference; nice appearance.—Write
 M. 7, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WAITER; nice appearance; good references;
 age 24; strong; height, 5ft. 10in.—Write M. 8,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

CARTTAKER Desires change of house; good
 references; £12, weekly.—Write L. 46,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COMPETENT Dressmaker and Needlewoman
 recommended; daily or weekly.—45, Wen-
 dover-road, Macclesfield. 3514

ESTATE Manager; electrical, mechanical
 engineer; extensive jobbing, repairs, etc.—9,
 Brompton-road, Regent. 3570

FRENCH Couple—man, butler; wife, cook.—
 Paulin, 15, New Compton-st. W.C. 3401

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

AS Indoor Servant in country; middle age;
 disengaged.—B. Lynsted, Kent. 3465

BUTLER requires situation; age 32; £60;
 height 6 feet; understands hunting, shoot-
 ing, and fishing; good valet.—Write M. 2,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3505

BUTLER requires situation for three months;
 age 33; 30s. per week; good valet; used
 to travelling.—Write M. 5, "Daily Mirror," 45,
 New Bond-street, W. 3506

BUTLER; with assistance; single; age 44;
 good character.—L. G. 30, Hildroad,
 S.W. 3446

BUTLER; good reference; age 46; town or
 country.—Write M. 16, "Daily Mirror," 45,
 New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER-VALET; 19 years' reference; age
 35; £60; height 6ft. 6in.—Write M. 6,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COACHMAN; age 40; long characters.—Write
 M. 17, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street,
 W. 3439

FOOTMAN (first); disengaged; age 26; £38.—
 Write M. 1, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
 street, W. 3429

GARDENER wants place; Christian; total
 abstainer, with brain and muscle.—A. 19,
 Hamilton-road, West Norwood. 3509

PAGE; age 14; 4ft. 6in.—Write M. 12,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PORTER-VALET; age 29; good references;
 10s. per week.—Write M. 22, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

YOUNG Man, 19, seeks situation in house
 and garden; good reference.—T. Barnes,
 94, Herbert-road, Manor Park, Essex.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Chef.

CHEF; highly recommended; 15s. to £1 per
 week; age 21.—Write M. 18, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Cooks.

COOK; age 40; £30; town or country.—Write
 K. 101, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
 street, W. 3529

COOK with kitchenmaid; 27; £40-£45.—
 Q. 204, Shirland-road, Paddington. 3489

COOK (plain); age 37; £22; now disengaged.
 —Write K. 105, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
 Bond-street, W.

COOK; age 44; £28; wants town.—Write
 K. 104, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
 street, W.

COOK (plain); age 23; £22-24; disengaged
 now.—Write K. 103, "Daily Mirror," 45,
 New Bond-street, W.

COOK (experienced), with good references,
 wants place in an hotel; good carver;
 from 18s. per week.—Write M. 19, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK or Cook-General; age 50; flat pre-
 ferred; good references.—Write K. 5,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER; age 33; £35; £45; town
 or country.—Write K. 108, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER; Scotch; 35; £60;
 town or country; nine years' experience as
 cook-housekeeper.—Write K. 100, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3485

Housekeepers.

HOUSEKEEPER; age 50; £40-45; over
 10 years' experience.—Write K. 102, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WORKING Housekeeper, with servant,
 in business or private.—E. N. 149, High-
 road, New Southgate. 2534

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Companions.

COMPANION—Lady wishes situation; would
 travel.—Write L. 1, "Daily Mirror," 45,
 New Bond-street, W. 3452

MRS. LYTHER, Glatton Hall, Peterborough,
 highly recommends middle-aged lady as
 Companion to elderly lady; salary required.
 Apply as above. 3557

USEFUL or Companion Help; thoroughly
 domesticated; moderate salary; servant
 kept; no children.—Beta, 5a, Woodmoor-road,
 Highbury-road, N.W. 3512

Lady's Maids.

AS Lady's Maid or Maid Companion; age 27;
 good needlewoman and milliner; experi-
 enced traveller and packer; £25; good temper
 and reliable.—H. T. S., Empress-managers,
 Clapham, S.W.

LADY HELP or companion; age 20; £16;
 highly recommended.—Write L. 17, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID-ATTENDANT; town or country; age
 31; nine years' reference.—A. 54, Man-
 chester-street, W. 2523

MAID (useful); age 22; good needlewoman;
 do housework; good appearance.—Write L.
 4, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (useful); £20; free now; good reference.
 —Write L. 9, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
 Bond-street, W.

MAID (useful); age 34; fourteen years' excel-
 lent personal reference; disengaged for six
 months; prefers abroad.—Write L. 10, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID-ATTENDANT; town or country; age
 31; nine years' reference.—Write L. 6,
 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (excellent) German; first-rate hair-
 dresser, dressmaker, packer, traveller; good
 appearance; pleasant.—Write L. 15, "Daily
 Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on next page.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, ♡ ♡ ♡ the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH
 HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PAUL Joscelyn walked back from the
 station slowly, as a man walks whose
 thoughts are painful, but imperious, so that
 he cannot escape from them.

He did not go back into the rooms; alone,
 they had no attraction for him; nor did he
 make use of the funicular railway, but went
 up to his hotel on foot by the badly-kept road
 which offers to pedestrians such a mean ap-
 proach to one of the finest hostleries in the
 world.

He had forgotten Helen Lorison and Lewis
 Detmold, and the revolt that had filled his
 mind at the thought that the dead millionaire's
 fiancée and Martia Chesney might meet. He
 realised that the moment, which he had always
 derided in others, had come when he must
 fly from a woman's presence. He was a man
 accustomed to look danger straight in the
 face. He loved Philip Chesney's wife; Philip
 Chesney was in India, fighting. Martia was
 ignorant of his feelings; she looked upon
 him as a friend; she felt, needlessly enough,
 gratitude towards him; he was a man to
 whom perforce she gave her confidence, be-
 cause they shared a secret.

There was nothing for him to do but go.
 He did not rhapsodise, or call himself hard
 names; he did not tell himself that his life
 was ruined, or curse his fate that had made
 this love—the deep, strong, mature passion
 of his manhood—come into his life too late.
 He did not even tell himself that this was the
 one true passion; but he knew it all the same.
 He had known many counterfeiters of love,
 but he had never made the mistake of taking
 them for the real thing. Also, he had never
 before wanted the moon.

He did not know when he had first loved
 her—whether only yesterday, or the first
 moment when he had set eyes on her, or on
 that day, in Mrs. Adeane's conservatory, when
 she had pleaded with him for her husband,
 and he had made his senseless bargain, and
 watched her sweep out, with scorn in the very
 tip of her white train.

It did not make any difference. He loved
 her; she was the one woman with heart and
 understanding, who could be loyal without

bigotry, pure without narrow intolerance,
 and whose eyes did not flinch from the truth.
 She had had the courage to keep sane when
 weaker women would have gone under, to
 live where most women would have died of
 horror and faint-hearted remorse.

Thus he thought of her, and she was as far
 from him as the lovely evening star that
 blinked palely at him as he stepped out on
 to the balcony of his sitting-room.
 There was nothing to do but go. He was
 not going to take a vow never to see her again.
 But, for a time, he would go, while it raged as
 a fever within him. He would get over
 it, no doubt. He was at heart a cynic, and re-
 mained one to the end. He knew that love
 was made up of complexities, and that
 some pass, and others stay. He was
 not even prepared to affirm that in this
 love there was less that would pass and
 more that would stay. He only knew
 that it was different, and that he must
 go. And there was always the difference,
 for if a man loves ignobly he will stay,
 and if he loves nobly he will go. Only, if
 anyone had said such a thing to Paul Josce-
 lyn, he would have dismissed it with a shrug
 as sentimental nonsense.

He must go, for his own sake, as well as
 for hers. He was not going to court torment,
 to lay himself deliberately on the rack. For
 to love a married woman who is unhappy with
 her husband may give a man some sweet, if
 guilty, consolation; but to love a married
 woman who thinks her husband a god is a
 daily descent into hell.

So he quietly decided that he would go that
 week, either to Cairo, or, if the weather
 turned warmer, to Venice at once. He was
 not going to run away the next day. There
 was no need for unseemly hurry. He had no
 fear of not being able to control himself,
 of betraying to Martia Chesney, even if he met
 her frequently, by so much as the shadow of
 a sign that his feeling for her had entered on
 a new phase, that he loved her as a man loves
 but one woman in his life. He had not been
 called a man of iron for nothing; and, be-
 sides, a soulless intrigue carried on under a
 jealous husband's nose is good training for
 the moment when a great passion swoops
 down and takes possession of a man's life,
 and he may not acknowledge it or betray it.

He ate his dinner alone, and, afterwards, re-
 membering that Lady Leicester had a recep-
 tion that night at her villa, that lay on the
 coast towards Villafranca, he felt unaccount-
 ably inclined for company, and, ordering his
 automobile, was driven off.

He knew that Martia Chesney would not
 be there. She had told him that she was
 really in Mentone in order to look after Sir
 John, and that she never liked to leave him
 for long, and consequently never went out
 in the evenings. But, no doubt, there was deep
 down in the unsuspected heart of this man of
 forty the desire of any ordinary boyish and

enthusiastic lover to hear the name of his
 lady on the lips of her friends, to draw them
 out with apparently casual questions and re-
 ferences, and to hug his secret exultantly.
 For your true love is always a boy to the end
 of the chapter, and, whether the object of his
 love be a girl fresh from school or a woman
 already married, so long as it is free from the
 taint of self, and places the well-being of his
 beloved above his own desires, then the one is
 no less beautiful than the other, only more
 sorrowful, filling his life with loneliness and
 bitterness, instead of joy. Which may sound
 shocking, but is gospel truth.

Lady Leicester's villa was fairland. She
 rented it from a millionaire, who had bought
 it, but found it unsatisfactory, because it
 could not be seen from the railroad, like Lord
 Salisbury's, and pointed out to one another by
 travellers as they passed in the train.

The grounds were not illuminated that night,
 except by the moon, which silvered the olives
 and the sea, and turned the white stucco of the
 low house into the fairness of marble, and the
 marble terrace by the edge of the deep blue
 water into something quite too beautiful for
 words.

Inside, the house was brilliant with electri-
 city. The guests of her ladyship were not
 much concerned with the beauty without, be-
 cause it was cold. The rooms were large, the
 decorations, for the most part, Moorish, and
 the tinkle of fountains was blended with the
 soft strains of the excellent band.

The Colonel found a warm welcome. He
 was immensely popular down here, because of
 his horses, and his automobile, and his ex-
 pensive dinners, and because Monsieur Ciro
 treated him with almost as much deference
 as the Grand Duke over at Cannes. All the
 gossip about him had long ago ceased. He
 was just one of themselves now, an agreeable
 man of the world, free to do as he liked; no
 longer a soldier, with the honour of a regiment
 to guard, and he had a very great deal
 of money, and spent it royally; that was the
 keynote of it all.

A bachelor, with a dangerous reputation,
 vast wealth, and several big houses, is certain
 of a very warm welcome indeed in Society.

If the Colonel came with the secret hope
 of hearing people speak of Martia Chesney,
 he was disappointed. Martia was not quite of
 this ultra-smart, ultra-empty-headed world,
 although the hostess was one of her best
 friends. She was not rich enough, to begin
 with, nor frivolous enough, and she had more
 than once, because of her unabashed devotion
 to her husband, been voted that dreadful thing
 —a little slow. So, although she was well-
 known in this world, she was not missed when
 absent, and as yet no tongue had been virulent
 enough to manufacture any scandal about her.

But, instead, Paul Joscelyn heard frequently
 repeated another woman's name, Helen Loris-
 on's; and he gathered that she was present
 that night, although up till quite late in the

evening he did not come across her, for there
 were several rooms, and they were all
 thronged.

Two women were talking about her quite
 close to him on one occasion.

"What a remarkably interesting woman
 Mrs. Lorison is!" one of them remarked.

"And how popular!"

"Very interesting," assented the other.

"Who is she? Do you know?"

"Only that she was going to marry Lewis
 Detmold."

"That is all anyone seems to know."

"Yes; but, of course, she must be all right,
 or Lady Tyneside would never have taken her
 up. They are almost inseparable. I think
 she has lived a great deal abroad. Anyway,
 she is a fascinating woman, with a tremendous
 personality. What a magnificent thing she
 would have made of life if Lewis Detmold
 had lived!"

"Bah!" said the other woman, with a little
 shudder, for she was young and had a sensi-
 tive nature, not yet coarsened by contact with
 the gross materialism of her class. "I can't
 agree with you—at least, I knew little enough
 of him, but he always made me think that for
 some things one had to pay too high a price."

"You are a child," said her friend, with a
 careless laugh. "There are two things one
 cannot pay too much for—wealth, and the
 good opinion of the world."

So Helen Lorison was fairly launched on

Mirror" Small Advertisements

MARKETING BY POST

In view of the fact that the ordering of articles for use in the household by post is becoming increasingly popular the "Daily Mirror" has started a special department entitled "Market."

ing by Post" for the benefit of readers wishing to obtain goods and adver-

medium.

A GAY GARDEN. January to June, 6s.; photographs free.—Dobbs (No. 15), Chester.

BETTER THAN CODLIVER OIL.—Devonshire Whipped cream, absolutely pure; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 1s. 4d.; 1 lb. 2s. 4d., free.—Mrs. Conyers, Mordachbishop, Devonshire.

CHRISTMAS TURKEYS.—Order direct from

dressed free; state weight required.—John LAMMO, Honey House, Sibford, Banbury; also

DAINTY fancy Cakes for buffets or after-
noons; very choice; beautifully packed;
sample box, 3s. 6d. delivered.—Thompson &
Patrick-street, Cork. Largest Irish confectionery
business.

FISKELL'S Tooth Powder; 1s., 2s. 6d.; the best for mouth and teeth.—8, Ludgate-hill, City.

FLOWERS direct from the South of France, Guernsey, Jersey, and all the flower-growing districts of England; large supplies daily;

FISH.—6lbs., 2s.; 9lbs., 2s. 6d.; 11lbs., 3s.; 20lbs., 5s.; cleaned, and carriage paid; costs free.—Neptune Fish Co., Grimsby Docks.

FISH (live).—Delicious hamper assorted fish, 6lbs. 2s., 9lbs. 2s. 6d., 14lbs. 3s. 6d.; carriage paid; ready for cooking; particulars free. —LIVE FISH CO., GRIMSBY.

FINEST VALUE IN WINES.—Selected Vintages.

MOSELLE, anti-Gout, Still, 11/-, 12/-, 14/-,
25/-, and 30/-; Sparkling, 38/- and 54/-.
POKIS.—No. 1, 24/-; No. 2, 25/-; No. 3, 28/-.
SAKKA.—Full, 20/-; Fino, 22/-; Utd, 28/-;
Almondado, 30/-.
CLARET.—Bordeaux, 12/-; Medoc, 14/-;
Prieure, 18/-; Lambon, 21/-.
CHAMPAGNE.—1893 vintage, 48/-.
Per doz. Carriage paid. Cash with order.

**THE MOSELLE and RHINE WINE CO., 22,
Biliter-street, E.C.**

LARGE Roasting Fowls, 3s. 9d. a pair;
fatted Geese, 4s. 6d. each; fine Turkeys
at 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 10s. each; trussed; post
free.—Miss Cox, Rosscarbery, Cork.

LIVE FISH.—Choice selected Basket fresh Fish. 6lbs. 2s.; 9lbs., 2s. 6d.; 11lbs., 5s.; 14lbs., 5s. 6d.; 21lbs., 5s., carriage paid, cleaned for cooking. Sure to please. Unrivalled value. Quick delivery. All kinds cured fish supplied. List particulars free.—Standard Fish Company, Grimsby.

MUSIC of all Publishers and Composers, both English and foreign, to be had of Joseph Williams, Ltd., Music Sellers and Publishers, 52, Great Portland-street, London, W. Send 6d. stamp for song list for 1904, which includes all Popular Songs of the present day, as well as the principal old favourites. Also Thumb-nail Prints; a booklet containing the most successful songs of the season; Musical Pieces

SCARBOROUGH Royal Simnel Cakes.—Send 1s. 8d. to Wallis and Blakeley, Scarborough, and you will receive a dainty Simnel Cake, carefully packed in a box.

TWO FOWLS, 18 eggs, 1lb. finest butter, vegetables, carriage paid, 10s. 6d.; special Christmas hampers, turkeys, etc.—Full particulars on application.

VERY fine old crusted Port, 24s. per doz.,
carr. paid; sample bottle, 2s. 6d., post free.
—Howden and Co., Boulevard, Balham, S.W.

60 Cured Harrings; 40 for 2s., 20 for 1s. 3d.; best quality.—Manlett, 27, Paget-road, Great Yarmouth.

60 BLOATERS, Kippers, Reds (best), 2s. 6d.; 30, 1s. 6d.; carriage 9d.—Evans, Bercsford-road, Lowestoft.

BOARD RESIDENCE AND APARTMENTS.

BAYSWATER.—12, Porchester-gardens; most comfortable winter home; excellent table; from 25s.

LADIES' London Hostel, Womersley House, Dickenson-road, Crouch End, N.—Special arrangements for the Christmas and New Year holidays; those who wish to find the brightness and fellowship of home-life should communicate without delay with the president, sending stamped addressed envelope.

and sympathy of the president."—H. B.
 "It has been a boon to sojourn in so refined
 and pleasant a home."—J. B. T.

MAIDENHEAD.—St. Ives.—Finest high-class
 pleasure; musical ladies and gentlemen
 willing to join in Xmas Entertainments, received
 at a great reduction on usual terms.

MARBLE ARCH.—Sitting, bed-sitting, and bed-rooms to let, furnished.—31, Nutford-place.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD, 26, Abbey-road (most convenient for City and West End).—Lady who receives a few boarders in her well-appointed house has vacancy: terms moderate: every com-

36, RYLETT-CRESCENT, Shepherd's Bush.
—Comfortably-furnished apartments for
City gentlemen; suitable for two friends; near
tram and "Tube"; well recommended.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

TO INVESTORS.—It can be truthfully said that the reading of "The Stock Exchange Forecast" is like nipping an monster by the tail.

LIVE STOCK, VEHICLES, ETC.

PET Canary; beautifully tame; comes out of cage, sings sweet flute, nightingale, wood-lark, and water-bubble notes; 12s. 6d. sent safely—Write 425, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

